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Foreword

AUTUMN, crisp and cool,
fills the air with the
sharp approach of win-
ter—holds the last
trace of summer in its
breath—and fills the
heart with sadness
and with hope.

Among the Contributors

In this first issue of *The Wesleyan* for 1930-1931, we have the literary output of several girls who have never contributed to *The Wesleyan* before. Miss Cornelia Merritt describes Gibbs' "Chances" with clarity of style and thought; while Miss Betty Hunt also shows much ability in her review of "Mirthful Haven."

Miss Frances Justi contributes a delightful interview with our Japanese student in which she gives us a peep into the land of cherry blossoms.

An editorial full of many worthwhile thoughts for the *Wesleyanne* is presented by Miss Katherine Dorsey, and Miss Marguarite Sherwood tells us in her editorial what the true college girl should be.

Lavender is proud of its new contributors who have come to take the place of the poet-seniors who have left us.

"Commonplace"

By MARY RUTH SENTER

A DEEP SIGH came from the corner of the room where a large woman worked laboriously over a small task. Her chubby, ringed, paste-smearred fingers pressed the last newspaper clipping into the looseleaf book. Her fist stamped it in place with an approving force, and with an air of finality she closed the bulky book.

Mrs. Herbert De Laney was the type of woman who would have been Mrs. Dulaney had she not gone to the trouble of creating for herself a more aristocratic name. On her calling cards the "D" and "L" of her name contained extra curls going off into space, showing their great importance.

"There," she sighed. "You know it's world's of trouble to keep all of these clippings. But if I didn't, I would never know to whom I was under obligation." With one hand on her hip and the other patting her cheek thoughtfully she turned on her friend a pair of eyes which tried to be carelessly indifferent to the thing in which she was most interested—the social world.

"I should think it easy to remember those who had entertained you," Mrs. Grace commented from the depths of an arm chair. After the rapid fire of words from Mrs. De Laney, the low, calm voice seemed quite out of place, yet soothing.

"You don't understand. Why here's an account of Mrs. Randolph Whitmore's tea, you know, the president of the Woman's Club, the one I introduced you to Friday night. If I hadn't kept this, I never would have thought to have invited her to my bridge-dance last month." Mrs. De Laney always found it convenient to add many names



—that is, when those names belonged to such people as Mrs. Randolph Whitmore.

"Anyway, I don't see —" her friend protested.

"Of course, you wouldn't, but you see I am on the go so much, I scarcely know whether I can get through the day with so many things to keep in mind. It really is nerve racking and one shouldn't be expecter to keep a clear head in such a rush."

"Oh, I see," Mrs. Grace replied with an understanding nod and a faint smile on her lips—a smile which was not meant for Mrs. De Laney to see, and indeed, there would be no danger of such a person noticing. The small woman was clothed simply yet stylishly in black. A fine lace collar was the only trimming and her jewelry consisted of a small pin set with pearls at her neck.

There was an air of frailness about her figure—a weakness not caused by age, for one could see that her face was quite young. Only her eyes had a look of understanding and experience. It was her eyes that one noticed first—gray eyes with a power to see deep within, far below the skin. She was spending the winter in Florida for her health, and interrupted her solitary life at the hotel only by frequent visits to Mrs. De Laney, whom she had met on the steamer returning from Europe. Occasionally she accompanied her friend at small parties.

"You will excuse me if I go ahead and dress, won't you?" Mrs. De Laney asked as she unwound the long string of ambers from about her neck and deposited them on her dressing table. "You see, I'm due at the Benefit in an hour, and in the meantime I will have to see a Post reporter, who has been

after me all day."

"Does he want an account of the shower you gave the King girl?"

"No, I hadn't thought of that; I'll have to give him that, too. What he wants is a write-up of the dinner party for Dr. Jules Craddock——"

"Who?"

"Hadn't you heard? Dr. Craddock is the famous psychologist who's to give a lecture here Wednesday night."

"When does he come?"

"Wednesday afternoon." She wondered at her friend's curiosity.

"Oh, then you know him?"

"No, but that can be arranged later. The thing is to get this in the paper. I mean they're after me so about it." She tried to cover her confusion by a careful search through her dresser drawer.

"Yes, I see," was the understanding reply.

"No, don't mind me. I think I'll walk this afternoon. It's the first cool day we've had and it's in my bones."

"How do you have so much time? Why, I never notice what the weather is like—except, of course, when it's raining and I have to take the closed car out."

"One can always find time for things one loves, and as for the weather, I think it makes an excellent topic of conversation—quite a nice study, too, like that of people," Mrs. Grace philosophized.

"There, get your coat. I hate to rush off like this," Mrs. De Laney said without the least note of regret in her voice.

Mrs. Grace pulled the soft coat about her shoulders and let her hair fly in the breeze from the ocean. The two women walked to the car, Mrs. De Laney in profusion of clothes, her head tightly bound in a silver turban which made her cheeks protrude like those of a squirrel, climbed in the back seat of the car and gave orders for the Palm Beach Post building. The car smoothly sped down the white avenue leaving the simple figure in black slowly shaking her head.

Mrs. De Laney was a familiar personage in the society room at the Post. She bustled in frequently with a bit of news—usually a bit of news about Mrs. Herbert De Laney.

This time it was to tell of the lovely dinner party which was given by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert De Laney in honor of the distinguished Dr. Jules Craddock. The society editor assured her that she would find the account in the paper the morning after the dinner—which would be the one after the morning edition the next day. She added that she would be glad to receive any other information concerning the great psychologist.

With a sigh of relief at having accomplished so great a task Mrs. De Laney made her way through the paper covered room and down the dingy steps.

She thought of the comments people would make when they saw in the paper that she was the first to entertain the much sought after celebrity. Whatever it was, it was quite pleasant. Then she thought of her husband. What would he say if he found out that she had put this in the paper? But, then, he never read the society page and wouldn't even notice. Besides he never had done anything in all of these years. Not once had he scolded her.

No one could imagine Mr. De Laney scolding anyone. He was better known as Mrs. De Laney's husband in the social world. He followed her about when necessary and put on a pleasing smile and agreed that the weather was ideal and that politics was ruining the country. No one knew what Mr. De Laney thought or how he acted in his home, for when entertained at the De Laney household it was his wife who took charge of the guests and ruled the conversation, while he withdrew to his den to smoke a cigar.

The next day Mrs. De Laney glowed at the account in the paper which was headed:

CRADDOCK, FAMOUS LECTURER,
ENTERTAINED AT DINNER

Then followed a detailed description of the whole affair. Secretly she enjoyed the thrill of her conquest and pictured to herself the reception she would get at the next party. Relationships with noted people did help so.

Of course she could not show it to her husband, but would she show it to Mrs. Grace? Better not. She knew of her plan.

The finished work might prove too much. Besides, Mrs. Grace had such a revolting feeling against people who push their way into society. How she could spend all of her time reading was a miracle to Mrs. De Laney. When she came to sit with them in the evening, she always had a book in her hands, and yet she could always hear what was being said in the room. What a bore she must be out in company.

No, she would enjoy her victory by herself and avoid all unnecessary reprimanding on their part.

The next day Mrs. De Laney arose with the quickness and energy of a young person. An ideal day was before her; luncheon with friends and a meeting of the program committee of the Club, besides the lecture that night. They would all want to know about Dr. Craddock—how she met him and all that. She'd fix it up some way. She was good at that.

Mr. De Laney handed his wife the paper over the breakfast table.

"I see this Craddock man you women were looking forward to so can't be here tonight," he said in an early morning voice.

"What?" Mrs. De Laney took an awakened interest in her husband and what he had to say.

"I said Dr. Craddock was delayed and can't get here for the lecture tonight," he repeated.

"But I thought he came yesterday. I am sure he came yesterday."

"Well, that's what it says," he said as he carelessly dismissed the subject.

Mrs. De Laney's coffee was cold and her toast remained untouched on her plate. She hardly felt the quick peck on her cheek as her husband told her good-by and left for work. How would she explain to them? Her party written up and the guest of honor not there. Her hands fingered the silverware nervously.

The sharp ring of the telephone made her jump. She must think fast. Mrs. Talbot wanted her to come to a reception for Dr. Craddock after the lecture the next evening.

"Why of course, she'd love to come. Bring Mr. De Laney, too? Yes, he could

come. Wasn't that a terrible blunder in the paper? I was never so mortified in all my life. You see, they kept after me so for an account of the dinner party that I finally gave in and let them have it. It was their fault that they got it so soon. To think that it was in the paper and the man was not even in town. You say how did we know him? You see, he and Mr. De Laney used to know each other very well. In fact, they went to school together. Yes. Thank you so much, Mrs. Talbot. Mighty sweet——"

It was getting worse. She'd go by for Mrs. Grace and take a long drive. Facing three friends for lunch was an impossibility. She'd call them and tell them of her terrible headache.

"I'm very sorry. We will miss you so," came the voice over the telephone. "We were going to play bridge, too. I wonder if your friend Mrs. Grace would care to go."

"I doubt it. She doesn't care for such things usually. But you might ask her. She doesn't go out much. What's that? Oh, Dr. Craddock? Wasn't it a shame he had to postpone his lecture. I'm terribly disappointed, too. No, the way we happened to know him was through my husband. They used to be college chums—roommates for a while, I believe." When she put down the receiver it was with surprise and disgust. What made her say such things?

Then Herbert called. To think that he would dare ask to bring company home on her busiest day. She told him there was no use thinking about it after they had been invited to the reception in honor of Dr. Craddock. She wondered what on earth people would think if he did not go after she had told them they were such good friends. Mr. De Laney was willing to do anything to keep his wife from nagging at him and talking about it for weeks, and so he condescended to go.

Mrs. De Laney was in all her glory as she leaned back in the rear seat, looking straight ahead, her chin tilted and her long rope pearls rising and falling with every breath. Mr. De Laney sat insignificantly by her side watching the cars whir past him from the window.

Mrs. Grace was ready waiting when they arrived. Not waiting for the chauffeur to open the door for her, she slipped in unaided beside her friend.

"Why, my dear Nora, one would think you weren't used to chauffeurs. Will you ever learn to wait until Will opens the door for you?"

"I doubt it," she said, pulling her coat around her and the fur near her face. "I wasn't brought up on chauffeurs anyway, remember."

"Oh, you mysterious creature!" As his wife uttered these words, Mr. De Laney sank deeper into his coat and moved closer to the window. Why couldn't people be sensible?

"I wouldn't call myself mysterious, only commonplace, that's all."

The little woman seemed to be talking to herself rather than her friend.

"You have changed, since you've been here. I was surprised when you said you'd go to this reception. What made you want to?"

"I read a book by Craddock once and I wanted to see what he was like."

"I might have known it was a book—reading always," she said airily. "We're here, dear. Powder your nose. Here's my compact, and Herbert, please don't forget to be nice to the man. You know it's in his honor."

The high ceilinged room was a mass of rich colors and black, moving about in groups stopping now and then to talk of nothing.

Next to the hostess in the receiving line stood Dr. Jules Craddock, famous psychologist, acknowledging agreeably all introductions and welcoming comments. He stood taller than anyone in the room, his erect carriage making him seem much taller than he really was. His black hair was combed straight back and fell in waves.

As they approached him, Mrs. Talbot said,

"Let me present to you Mrs. Herbert De Laney, Mrs. Nora Grace, and of course you know Mr. De Laney——"

He seemed to look the longest at Mrs. Grace, barely noticing the others. "I don't believe I've had the pleasure—very glad to know you," in a deep voice.

"But, Dr. Craddock, at college," his hostess exclaimed in distressed tones, "and the dinner party they planned for you before you knew you had to postpone your trip!"

"I do not remember a Herbert De Laney at the University, and it is probably my forgetfulness concerning the dinner party."

"Mr. De Laney was equally puzzled. With one look at his wife, standing there making a feeble effort to swallow, the red spreading upward to her forehead, her hands nervously pulling at her beaded bag, he understood. Embarrassment and disgust were written on his face as he explained that there must have been a mistake and touched his wife on the arm as a signal for her to move on without making any more scenes.

"A minute," Dr. Craddock asked the quiet and calm friend who had been waiting for the painful discussion to end. "What did you say your name was?"

"Mrs. Nora Grace," she said simply, looking up into his eyes.

"Not the Nora Grace who wrote 'Rah-sah?'" His face lit up earnestly and for the first time that evening it lost that strained look of a forced smile and pretended interest.

"Why, yes," she answered, "and I received so much help from your last book."

"You're absolutely the first person I've known to understand my theory——"

Their conversation could no longer be heard, for he had led her off to a seat, both talking earnestly, unaware of the remainder of the receiving line and the astonished couple who stood looking after them.

One Leaf

By MILDRED BARBER.

WHEN the wind blows tritely through shivering trees, and whistles to the birds its warning notes of approaching winter, it unfastens all the blushing leaves, which flutter saucily to the ground,—all but one. That one remaining lonesome leaf, so conspicuous in its solitude, arouses a kindred strain of sympathy in me, who am also, though in much larger proportions, what I refuse to term myself, an only child.

Is it really so terrible to be one of that so-called unfortunate breed? In my way of thinking, that lot conveniently but erroneously furnishes the lazy character-analyst with an apology for the various eccentricities that happen to be a part of the only child. If one happens to be a trifle selfish, he is immediately excused, or, more appropriately, accused, for being an only child, merely because he has not had the chance of discovering the necessity for altruism in the family circle. On the other hand, if he happens to be on the opposite end of the pendulum, that is, rather generously inclined, he again is one of those things that have not been used to having to share with both brother and sister, and so he is seemingly uninitiated in the act of giving.

Again, I think that the only child, while being openly scorned, is secretly envied. Quite frequently, and still more frequently than that, a member of a flock rages because little sister is getting more than is due her share, and, perhaps, because big brother is shining too much in the limelight of the family affections. Then you may clearly see the strained look of pleading in the dejected member for the secure position of the only child.

What a great privilege it is to be an only child! Besides being naturally the family prodigy, there is the greatest satisfaction in knowing that your life is your own. No big sister at college before you to send home

flawless grades that must be duplicated by the younger sister to uphold the family traditions; no big brother to flounder all the family traditions by following his own foolish inclinations, which you must cover up with untold effort to give yourself a real chance. Then no petty quarrels as to which side of the bed you must sleep on, or whose turn it is to use the family bus.

So, little leaf, still lingering upon the top of the tree, you are not as lonesome as the world considers you. We honor you as being one of the chosen few!

CHANGE

Black trees
Frame the sunset.
Green meadows
Deepen,
Everywhere—light.

Dark clouds
Mark the sunset.
Black shadows
Lengthen,
Everywhere—night.

THESE WESLEYAN WOODS

Shades of October are tinging the maple and poplar
With scarlet and russet and gold, but the strong old cedar
Holds fast with the pine its dull olive green
Only to subdue
Trees of too bright hue
And to lend to the whole a sense of calm serene
When school girls walk rapidly down the winding ways
Of the leaf-strewn paths, of the dim-marked paths, of the intricate paths and maze
That wind through the dusky recesses in these wonderful Wesleyan woods.

—By DIXIE JONES.

Big Business

MUFFLED, deliberate steps sounded on the threadbare carpet on the stairs of Mrs. Kensaw's boarding-house. All of the boarders had retired and it was now Tobie's time to set forth.

Ever since Tobie had gone there to live the whole house had changed. Mrs. Kensaw was actually made to forget her troubles. How could she keep from giving in when Tobie came down late in the morning and teased her into giving him some breakfast, which was entirely against her principles. He pestered Ada Brandon, a conscientious stenographer, unmercifully, and old Nathan Siles, the master story-teller of the house, for the first time in his life, stood by and listened to someone else express an opinion.

As Tobie descended, he felt in his right hand pocket. Yes, it was there, cold and hard. There was also a piece of paper bearing the address of the down town store where he was to meet the rest of the gang. He wanted to take a last look at it if necessary. Everything must work out this time. He was to meet the others at eleven. Spud would probably drop in first and then the others, one by one. Up to this time they had not failed—everything had gone like clock work, but this bank business was the biggest thing they had tried, and they had tried much.

They told him when they took him into their plans that things had started only as pranks. Then they found out they could get something out of it—and why not?

He knew very little about the boys, for, although they trusted him with much, he did not yet know their real names or where they lived. He could hear the deep voice of their leader now, "Spud—1652—that's me, and



thats all, see?" He was sure he saw. He sometimes wished to know more about the boys, but had to be content with these dangerous nightly meetings and his share in the loot.

A light shone from the parlor as he reached the foot of the steps. He looked in to determine the cause of it, for at Mrs. Kensaw's the parlor was indeed a room which lived up to that name.

Mrs. Kensaw was busy among her treasures. She straightened a piece of furniture here and a picture over there, and dusted away

imaginary dirt and then stood away to look at it and see that it was all off.

"That you, Tobie?" she asked, knowing that he would stop and tell her good night and to leave the door unlocked.

"Who else would it be at this time of night?" he questioned, swinging carelessly into the damp room. "I heard a regular serenade of snores as I came through the halls. You'd have thought they were having some kind of contest or other."

"Look here, Tobie," she said, brushing away a strand of white hair that had fallen across her face and ignoring his carefree words. "I want you to see something."

She took from the book case a large picture of a young boy.

"That's him, Tobie. That's my boy that went away 'bout six years ago."

A mischievous face looked up at Tobie from the frame. Where had he seen a mouth that had curved that way. Surely the face—no, the eyes were not the same.

"He was all I had to live for," she said.

(Continued on Page 21)

Tazu Shibama

By FRANCES JUSTI

"Homesick? No. I have not been homesick. How could I be? Wesleyan is so beautiful, and the girls are so nice to me."

Tazu Shibama laughed her little melodious laugh at the idea of getting homesick. And then with the thought of home still clear in her mind, she jumped up to get pictures, dolls, and clothes to show me. Suddenly for an afternoon I went into Japan, the beautiful land of cherry blossoms.

"You see these are the pictures of my school. On the gateway are the Japanese characters that say Hiroshima Girls' School. On the left side is the large chapel. The large windows in the front are the windows of all the class rooms. We have about four hundred girls in the school—almost like here at Wesleyan, you see. The front of the building is very pretty, because it has nothing but cherry blossoms around it. The blossoms are very pretty.

"Our classes? They are just about like yours. They start at eight o'clock and are finished at three o'clock. We have five classes a day. Our subjects are just like yours—History, Mathematics, and English. English is a foreign language, you know." Tazu beamed as only Tazu can beam, as she started to tell in her little peculiar way, of the customs and clothes of her native land.

"The men mostly wear the clothes like American men wear when they are on the streets. The women wear Japanese clothes. They wear these little socks, as you call them, and shoes like I wear. The shoes are not hard to keep on, but a lot of the girls think they are. Their dresses are like mine with the big sleeves. All of the girls learn to make their own clothes in school. We have some very special dresses—our party dresses. We only wear them at times like Christmas, New Year's, Thanksgiving, weddings, or very spe-

cial parties. You see we have the family emblem on each arm and on the front of each dress—our special dresses."

And with these words Tazu displayed the most gorgeous creation of black crepe. It was lined with a brilliant red. Around the hemline was a pattern of exquisitely clear flowers very delicately tinted. The petticoat which matched the lining is an exact replica of the dress. That was her winter party dress. Her summer party dress was of a pale blue color and of a very thin crepe. The petticoat to this dress was white.

"That on my back? Oh, that is my Obi. It does not take long to put on. The sash twists around first and then we tie the Obi on. It is not hard to do. But wait! You have not seen my sun parasol."

Then Tazu flitted across the room to her closet and brought out two parasols that looked as if tiny fairy hands had made them. They were made of an almost transparent material. One was of powder blue and the other was black. Both were decorated with hand-painted flowers. As Tazu put one of them over her shoulder and laughed up into my face, there was only one setting for her dark loveliness, and that was beneath a cherry tree in full bloom.

"The girls? Well, they talk differently and they write differently. But, yes, there is one big difference. American girls are so happy and are always laughing. The Japanese girls are always solemn. They have a good time, but they do not look happy."

Tazu must have learned how to be American very quickly, for the last thing I saw as I closed the door was two sparkling brown eyes, and the last thing I heard was her happy little laugh as she said, "Come back soon. There is more to tell, and it makes me so happy to tell you."

EDITORIAL

The Adequacy of My Vocabulary

A REQUEST from the editor for a composition from my pen made me realize that I have a very limited vocabulary with which to express my thoughts, and since my thoughts, too, are limited, I felt greatly handicapped—still do, in fact. I think I should have said the “inadequacy” of my vocabulary instead of “adequacy.” After studying the French language, the Italian language, the English language, and the Latin language, I still have not enough words to form a vocabulary in one single language.

Most of us do not realize the wealth of the English language. Figures mean little, it is true, but when one considers that Shakespeare is credited with a vocabulary of twenty thousand words and John Milton with a vocabulary of fifteen thousand words, one feels terribly stingy running around here on fifteen words a week. Some authorities claim that the average person uses only between two and four thousand words all through his life, and that some illiterates get along with only five hundred words. Compared with two of the world's great writers, this is certainly a trifle small. Taking into consideration that there are more words in existence today, words which one must know, than in the time of Shakespeare, this number becomes even smaller in comparison.

The very first thing for you and me to do to increase our vocabulary is to look up in a good dictionary the definitions of any words with meanings with which we are not familiar and words whose meanings are vague to us instead of turning to whomever happens to be near us and saying, “Give me a word that means so-and-so.” Go in conference with your dictionary.

Are you as interested in the ancestry of your words as you are in the ancestry of your next-door neighbor? Words have interesting kinsmen, too. There is perfect cooperation among words. Do you know the pairs which give contrasts and those which give parallels? Do your words naturally fall into phrases? Can you distinguish between the literal and the figurative? Have you a perception of the different connotations of words? Develop a “word sense.” The Jack-of-All-Trades among words is always the overused word of the man who has no real vocabulary. The word does mean a great many things (and “things” is one of these Jacks), and so he feels at liberty to use it indiscriminately for all those things, making no attempt to understand or in any way to appreciate the differences between what may be two contrasted units of all the possible meanings. You must have the mastery of words in combination, and this can come only through practice, through

the exercise of any number of faculties, memory, originality, sense of sound, and so on. So let us all get together and look for words to increase our vocabularies, and by all means, the right word.

Does the Coat Fit You?

T. D. HOWARD, in an article in the October 1 *Nation* entitled "Who Ought to Go to College?" gives his opinion of the student capable of profiting most from a college education. He names three qualities that make a student successful: ability, which includes a natural intelligence and a thorough scholastic preparation in high school; interest, which embodies a habituation of study and a mental initiative that expresses itself in intellectual curiosity, a desire to find out what makes things go, and a tendency towards originality and creativeness; and opportunity, which takes into consideration financial conditions, health, and family problems.

But this is a picture of the ideal college student, one very rarely found in an actual college. Some one or more of these qualities will be found lacking in the majority of students. A naturally bright pupil may fail because of inadequate high school preparation or lack of interest in the courses taken. A student who is intensely interested in her work may lag behind because of sickness, or family troubles, or financial worries. A girl who has had every advantage that money can buy may not do good work because she has been sent to college by parents who did not consult her in the matter.

However, since everybody cannot hope to possess all of these qualities, those having the greatest number of them should go to college. Mr. Howard comes to the conclusion that anybody who really wants to go to college ought to go. And this is a very sensible conclusion. Anybody who is honestly interested in intellectual subjects enough to want to continue to study them ought to go to college. And notwithstanding their handicaps, such students usually do get to college. They borrow from loan funds or get part time jobs, if they lack money. They study extra hours, if their high school education is deficient. They budget their time and make use of every opportunity that comes their way. In the end, they obtain what they were after and are enriched by the very act of obtaining it, as well as by the thing itself.

Farewell to Sophistication?

L A MAR WARRICK says in his article in *Harpers* for October that we have bidden farewell to sophistication. Is he right? A writer in the *Kansas City Star*, September 28, believes that it is not a farewell but a real embracing of it.

"There is a brand-new generation of thinkers," according to Mr. Warrick, "undisillusioned as yet and firmly determined not to be—that group of young men and women who are at present between twenty and thirty years of age."

Being a member of that generation I think he is very nearly right. For the past three or four years there has been a decided turning from the modern in thought and life. It is not a complete turn, however, for just as we can not remain extreme modernists, neither can we embrace Victorianism again.

The return to the more graceful and feminine in women's clothes is characteristic of the times. The new styles are as free and comfortable as the short snappy things of two winters ago, but they are also a great deal more modest and beautiful. Just as the young woman has compromised on a lovely medium in clothes, so has she combined the best of the modern with that which is best of the pre-war period.

In this vein Mr. Warrick writes, "For this young intellectual is looking about and observing a few things, and out of that observation is being born a new mood, neither cynical nor Victorian, rather an evaluating mood."

The philosophy of despair which has taken hold on those who grew up during the war holds no attraction for 1930 young thinkers, and members of that generation would warn them against it. Free thinking according to their experience results only in disillusionment.

Marriage and love are no longer looked upon as bunk by youth. Neither will we accept the belief that God is merely a geometric formula. One student says, "God is neither a person nor a thing. It is a feeling, and elation. There is peace in it, a remoteness from reality."

"We will believe that life may hold beauty."

Woman's Exchange

159 Cotton Avenue

All Party Needs

PARAMOUNT CAFETERIA

555 CHERRY STREET

Home Cooking Reasonable Prices

THE UNION DRY GOODS COMPANY

STYLE, VALUE AND QUALITY

DRY GOODS — READY-TO-WEAR

ACCESSORIES

LAVENDER

A WISH

That another chance had been given,
That other words had been spoken,
That Time might turn backward,
And make two lonely hearts glad.

—By FRANCES ZACHRY.

GETHSEMANE

Beneath the shadows dim and grey
The olives gently kissed His head;
The thorn tree felt his agony,
And shrinking quivered in its dread.
Gethsemane and God alone
Will ever know the pain He felt,
The anguished hours—each one a cross
While there alone with soul He knelt.
Ah Christ, Who might have shunned it all,
Dear risen Christ, it was for me.
For me the long and weary road
That led to shame and Calvary.
For from the shadow of the cross
Has come a faith sublime and free;
A Paul, a Luther, and a faith
To draw me ever close to Thee.

—By IDA YOUNG.

VALUES

Out of dark heaven
a star
gave a light
and seemed a diamond.
In a darkened room
a child
gave a smile
of diamond value.
In a glittering salon
a woman
wore a band
of priceless diamonds.
The star remains
in the sky,
The smile remains
in a heart,
And the diamonds remain
in a casket of gold.

—By FRANCES ZACHRY.

AFTERMATH

Things are lovelier when they're gone
And leave a hazy memory,
Like the first roses of the dawn
When the sun is beaming ceaselessly.
You became even dearer to me
After my words had caused you to go.
You left me a lovely memory
When you went away long ago.

—By FRANCES ZACHRY.

BOOKSHELF

"Chances"

A. HAMILTON GIBBS

A HAMILTON GIBBS has given us in "Chances" another of his invigorating English stories. In a day when it seems that men must make art sordid and ugly, a beautifully worked out presentation of clean, buoyant youth is altogether refreshing. The artists who can paint a true picture of life and yet make us love life is a rare specimen.

The theme which is treated here is as old as literature. We have had tales dealing with the love of two brothers through the literature of the Orientals, Greeks, Hebrews, and Europeans on down to our own. It is a most convincing and appealing theme.

We rather lose sight of the plot of the story in our keen interest in the characters, particularly the two brothers. When we have finished the study, we see two boys who are essentially English schoolboys and typical Englishmen. Yet Gibbs has drawn with his sureness of touch the cool, self-controlled Tom in contrast to the impetuous and lovable Jack whose ever ready question is "When shall we go?" "Through all the changes and chances of life" we follow them. Their love for the same girl strengthens the theme of the stories as did each of their characters.

Gibbs' own life has run such a close parallel to that of these boys that we feel that he speaks from the richness of his own experiences when he so cleverly and sympathetically reveals theirs.

The author is the younger brother of Sir Philip Gibbs, novelist and War Correspondent and Cosmo Hamilton, novelist and play-

wright. Knowing how close were his literary connections with them, we feel as though he were telling us of his own brothers.

Gibbs has chosen his own school, St. Mato, in France, as the spot for the first scene. He paints a living scene peopled with live characters. Again we glimpse of a chapter of the author's own life in the machine gun battery during the Great War. How vivid are his descriptions of a man in this chaos and nausea living to get home to marry the girl who is waiting for him! Such we know were Gibbs' own feelings in that machine gun battery for did he not take ship for New York and marry Jeannette Phillips "at the first possible moment," as he expressed it?

Some of us might think the conclusion and the disposition of some of the characters a little forced, but all stories must end. The beauty of the thing lies in the fact that we can overlook the ending and feel when we have finished—"Here are two boys I know and admire."

While it is not deep and critics may find many faults, the fact that when we have read the book we enjoy sitting and thinking of the people we have met there and the amusing incidents and clever style make it worth our while.—By CORNELIA MERRITT.

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"Mirthful Heaven"

BOOTH TARKINGTON

A MOST thoroughly enjoyable and interesting book with a most absurdly ridiculous anti-climax in the form of an ending! Such may be said to be the description of Booth Tarkington's newest novel, "Mirthful Haven."

The center and pivot of the whole tale is Edna Pelter, or, as she was later known, Edna Shellpool. In the characterization of Edna, Tarkington has reached a much higher pinnacle of success than he did in that of his other rather famous recent character, Claire Ambler. Here he seems to have explored the very depths of a young girl's soul and to have displayed what he found there with all the gentleness and insight of which he is capable. Tarkington has certainly set himself a task difficult for a man—that of fathoming a woman's heart—but he has just as certainly succeeded to a remarkable extent.

As a background for Edna's original self, we find the various "natives," as the inhabitants of Mirthful Haven were called by the "summer people." Among them is old Captain Embury of the Mayflower stock, who has travelled to all the corners of the earth during his career as a sea-captain, and who often entertains us with his interesting reminiscences and his amusing views on certain scientific problems such as the formation of coral. There is also old Cap Wye, a friend of Edna's father, who somehow or other just stopped at Mirthful Haven and never did start again. Then above all, we have Long Harry Pelter, Edna's father. Although sprung from some of the oldest and best of the New England stock, Long Harry has so degenerated that he is looked down upon by practically the whole village, with the exception, perhaps, of Captain Embury.

As a background for Edna's changed self, or for her as she was after her expensive schooling, given her by her step-grandmother, we find the "summer people" themselves—the proud, haughty Cornings, Vandenbrocks,

and Gordons, who regard the "natives" much as nobles of old regarded their serfs.

Unfortunately, while off at school, Edna (under the name of Shellpool) falls in love with the younger of the Corning boys. From the time she is forced to return to Mirthful Haven by the death of her grandmother, until the last chapter, the story is merely a tale of the struggle that takes place between her former self and her changed self. As she herself says, sometimes she feels that she will always be Edna Pelter, sometimes she feels that she can never be anybody but Edna Shellpool, and sometimes she feels as though she were neither. Trying unwillingly to deceive her father, and just as unwillingly deceiving her lover, she gets herself into such a confused and complicated situation that there seems to be no way out of the maze until the sudden death of her own father takes place, indirectly caused by the father of her lover. Then and then only does she definitely become Edna Pelter.

This is the story up to the last chapter—or rather, this is the story. The last chapter is purely supernumerary and ridiculous. It is anti-climatic and almost serves to spoil the splendid, lasting impression that the book has made. However, minus the last chapter, this novel could undoubtedly be placed at the head of the list of those written by Tarkington up to this time. It is well written; its descriptions are unusually beautiful; its characters are most vivid. In short, without the thirty-second chapter, it is a book well worth reading.—By BETTY HUNT.

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ALUMNAE

Some have flown East, some have flown West, yet all of last year's seniors have left their old nest. Some have married, some are teaching, and others are keeping house.

Yet all of them, though wearing aprons, though teaching lessons, or being domestic, are still dear in the hearts of those they left at Wesleyan.

It is a well known fact that there is only one thing which equals being a Wesleyan student—and that is being an alumna. But they have one thing on us—the news about them is more exciting than the news here at school.

Those teaching are: Margaret Garnett, Lake Worth, Fla.; Odille Dasher, Macon, Ga.; Helen Clark, Waynesboro, Ga.; Maxine Henderson, Dixie, Ga.; Minnie Lee Herrington, Jonesboro, Ga.; Mary Pauline Hill, Toccoa, Ga.; Winnifred Jones, Cairo, Ga.;

Laura Lilly, Hamilton, Ga.; Elizabeth MacMahon, Brighton, Tenn.; Charlie Matthews, Eatonton, Ga.; Carolyn Owen, Lumpkin, Ga.; Evelyn Reynolds, Winfield, Ala.; Elizabeth Scott, Oak Park, Ga.; Le Vert Sheppard, Macon, Ga.; Ruth Smith, Greensboro, Ga.; Cornelia Turner, Greensboro, Ga., and Elizabeth Wilde at Mountain View School.

Mary Banks is assistant to the Y. M. C. A. secretary at the University of Georgia, and is also doing work on the A.M. degree. Lucille Trowbridge is attending Medical College in Augusta.

Louise Bridges is now occupying the position of Conference Elementary Secretary, and Marion Dean Johnson is working at the Chase National Bank in New York City.

May Bell Power married during the summer and is living in Augusta.

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THE RAMBLER

COME ramble with us. We promise you that there's really no telling where you may end. You see, never having rambled before in just this fashion, we are a bit uncertain ourselves, though we do admit that we are hopeful of the best.

Somehow, we seem to feel that the new class at the "oldest and best" might lead us into unknown delights if we should chance to stray that way, particularly if we picked a moonlight night and a certain young person who gets numerous "specials" as our time and our companion—taken respectively of course. The freshmen have proved a source of delight and perhaps we should add a mighty convenience, as well, to the sophomores; especially to those who could manage to get caught at Tate in the rain. Theirs has been a very well-behaved class on the whole, even if some of them did manage to hoodwink the lordly "sophs" and sit through "Rat Court" with them. Of course, they were a bit disguised since they imitated their elders and wore sheets. It has been great fun

to watch things, and we are anxiously waiting for soccer—we won't wait much longer—to see if the class is as good a sport on the field as it has been all through the trying days of sophomores and of home-sickness.

Of course, we could not go on even a midnight prowling without noting the lovely new golf course that they've added for our benefit. Personally though, we are hoping that golf never quite reaches the popularity of soccer; it would be entirely against our nature to have to jump every time somebody yelled out, "Fore." We are wondering, too, if the bells are going to ring for classes this year. Somehow, we miss them; it was a lot nicer to have them wake us from a period of slumbers than to be startled awake by a dig in the ribs by the girl sitting next to you.

Looks as if we have rambled right on off our page, at least we hope we have filled enough space, and maybe, since it's high time for even nocturnal ramblings to cease, we had better desist. More anon.

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E X C H A N G E S

The Wesleyan is glad to greet you again! In spite of the fact that the summer took a heavy toll from our staff, we hope to march on bravely through the coming issues. We have already claimed as our own several promising writers from the student body, and you may judge how well they are taking hold to the tasks of their predecessors.

Now to get down to our own personal profession, we of the exchange department must confess that business is not very heavy. We won't complain too much of the present depression, however, for we have a solid confidence in the good business that we are expecting as soon as the fall trade opens up.

We just can't wait to see the faces of our old customers. We wonder if any of them have changed. Some of them will probably have taken on color during the summer leisure hours; others may have grown an inch or two in height, and some may have gained a few pounds of variety. Anyway, we are ready to serve them when they come, and we hope that they will do business with us.

New customers will be more than welcome in our office this year. We are really anxious to know everybody in this college magazine business. If you haven't called at our office before, we invite you to come and exchange hospitalities with us.

As we were saying before, we really aren't distressed over the little pause in trade that we are experiencing just now. And if you will allow us to be confidential, we'll tell you our own little private reason. Some of our good friends dropped into our office last spring after business hours. Since these were not mere acquaintances, but real old pals, we let them in the side door and took down their orders, but we haven't delivered the goods to them yet. This is just the time to get busy and haul down the things they seemed to need.

Old Mr. Distaff strolled in from the Florida State College for Women and began one of his "yarns" just as we were closing the door. And you know old Distaff does spin the very finest yarns. That day happened to be his Silver Jubilee, and he was just in the mood for telling all about experiences he had actually been through. We always do like our friend, Distaff, better when he keeps close to home. Somehow we never did have much confidence in that desert isle sort of yarns. They never seem very strong, and their color is all blotchy.

Of the poetry which the Distaff brought us that day we like best this one with its hint of Poe:

A MURDERER VISITS THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME

PAT STEED

He came across a scented moor,
 Its grasses drenched in the golden sun,
 Its spirit glad in the summer sun,
 And his heart was singing;
 And on the moor's further border stood
 A deathly wood,
 Its mourning trees in black.
 He walked into its ghostly gloom,
 And saw its trees were black and dead.
 He saw its moss was limp and dead.
 And his soul was silent.
 And into its stilly heart he stepped,
 To the marge he stepped
 Of a dark and oily tarn.
 A single blade of muted sun
 Slid into the depths of the ghastly tarn,
 And lit an eye in the ghastly tarn
 And his terror killed.
 And only the leaden tarn's waves lapped,
 And the dead twigs snapped,
 Their brittle stems in the wind.

Before the Distaff had finished his last yarn the Tennessee College magazine strolled in. We didn't particularly like Tennessee's idea of telling us the history, prophecy, and will of her senior class. We thought her poetry far superior to her prose. We like their continued story idea, but wish she would take more interest in short-stories. It rather broke in upon the artistic effect for her to tell us all about where to trade in Murfreesboro between every two poems. Of all the poetry Tennessee brought us that day we prefer:

TO A GARDEN OF GLADIOLI

Like lovely ladies come to dance,
When evening plays its melodies,
In fairy gowns of gold and rose,
They flutter in the summer breeze.

Fragile and dainty they sway;
Their feet are planted a clod.
Ignoring that, they turn away,
And lift their lovely arms to God.

—MARJORIE MCMAHON.

Big Business

(Continued from Page 10)

"I used to wait by this window for him to come home evenings. No one ever came in here but me an' I'd sit here all alone until I saw him coming around the corner and then I'd stand behind the door until he came around the door pretending to look for me.

"He'd joke with me like I was his age and the days never seemed long when I knew that at six he'd come swinging around the corner." Mrs. Kensaw took a long breath as if she were trying to keep from showing her real feeling from the boy.

"He started going out nights, too, like you're doing, Tobie," she continued, seeing that he was going to say nothing. "Said he had to have his good time an' I wasn't one for to be holdin' him back from it, either—but one night he didn't come back."

He tried to say some comforting word, but found none. He stood tall and ashamed. She laid her hand on his arm.

"Of course, it's none of my business what my boarders do, Tobie, but I've been thinking lately how much better it'd be if you got a good day job instead of going out at nights so like you do. I'll always think if I hadn't let Spud have his fun——"

"Who—what did you say his name was?" he interrupted.

"Why, Spud. 'Course we just called him that. His real name was James Carr, after his——"

But Toby was not there.

"1652," he called over the phone in the back hall—a pause—"Spud, it's gotta be all off—all off, I say, an' you better listen! Don't try to do a thing. Meet me at nine in the morning at the same place and I'll explain why."

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Word Pictures

By IDA YOUNG

If my words had the power of painting
October's sunset glow
With the crisp, chill tang of a coming dusk
The birds wheeling to and fro;
With the bare black trees outstanding
'Gainst the amber colored sky
And the curling haze of brown smoke
Lazily drifting high;
And the dark rich distant pines
The wavering shadows etched
'Cross a faintly blue horizon
The picture I have sketched,
If drawn in all its beauty,
Its symmetry of line—
Would make a glorious masterpiece
A painting wholly fine.

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